

avoided Hubert's "Tea Party," and other selections.

The Ladies' Literary club Shakespeare study group met at the club house Tuesday afternoon, and discussed the first half of "Hamlet."

Out of Town.

Mrs. A. J. Danieles and daughter, Mrs. Eva, start for Florida this week. It is hoped that Mrs. Danieles' illness will be benefited by the change.

Frank Quinn was suddenly called to Minneapolis Wednesday by a telegram summoning the serious illness of his brother-in-law.

Miss Maude Hughes, the harpist, goes to Lansing Wednesday to play at the ball given by the Grand River Valley Boat club.

M. B. Church and wife have gone to Washington, D. C. Before her return Mrs. Church will visit Florida and Virginia.

Mrs. A. C. Bunnell will spend the remainder of the winter in Lansing with her son, George Bunnell.

Miss Lillian Fowler of Greenville, who has been visiting friends here, has returned home.

Dr. C. S. Bullen, who was called to Chicago by the death of his mother, has returned.

Mrs. M. H. Bademaker of Front street has gone to Charlotte for a week's visit.

Mrs. and Mrs. Wallace Campbell spent last week in Santa Barbara, California.

George Boltwood is at New Haven, Connecticut, on a business and pleasure trip.

Miss Laura Mack's has gone to Pittsburgh to visit her sister, who is seriously ill.

P. H. O'Brien was in Chicago on business during the past week.

In the City.

Miss Helen McCut, who has been studying music in Berlin for the past year, is expected home in April. Miss (Lil) daughter of ex-Mayor Hill, will probably return at the same time.

Mrs. Boylan of Springfield, Ill., is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Walter A. Palmer, of No. 676 Westinghouse avenue.

Mrs. L. (Lillian) Fowler, who is engaged in studying vocal culture in Chicago, is home for a week's visit.

Charles Wilson of No. 86 South Lafayette street is visiting his mother, Mrs. Helen M. Wilson, of Lima.

Mrs. John Ward of Chicago, nee Miss Anna Minion of this city, is making her sisters here a visit.

G. D. Harlow, who had been detained in Buffalo by severe illness, reached home Tuesday.

Dr. A. Vander Veen and wife of Grand Haven visited friends in this city early in the week.

Miss Carrie Chute of Boston is visiting her sister, Lillian Chute, of No. 182 Butterworth avenue.

Miss King of Detroit is in the city, the guest of Miss Sarah Smith of Jefferson avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Winnship of Shubogran, Wis., are in the city, guests at The Warwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll Follmer returned Tuesday from their trip to the Barbados.

Mrs. L. Manshaw of No. 538 Jefferson avenue is confined to her home by illness.

Earl Cowdin, editor of the Rockford Register, called on friends in this city Friday.

Miss Irene Foster has been appointed to a position in the register of deeds' office.

Miss Nellie Fisk spent a portion of the past week at her home in Rockford.

Miss Lydia Walbrink visited friends at Bowen Center during the past week. Joe McGarry of Nason, Matter a Co., has returned from Fort Wayne.

Walter C. Winchester has returned from his trip to the Barbados.

Dr. J. A. McCall has returned from his visit to Canada.

Fred Ward of Allegan was in the city Wednesday.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Kelley—A son.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY.

Wife—Darling, I wish you would let me have \$40 today. Husband—Why, you seem to think I married an heiress, my dear.—Bridgman Life.

Mother to her child, who has just had some sweets given her by the man opposite: "What do you say to the gentleman, Mabel? Mabel—Have you got any more, please?—July.

A photographer is one of the most independent of men; he never hesitates to present his views.—Lovelace Courier.

Bagley—What has become of the Indian rubber man that was at the museum? Sam—Oh, he was humiliated.—Kingston Leader.

Briggs—Does Hubbell swear as much as ever since he married Briggs—Mhm. He will not mind it. She used to be a telephone girl.—Indianapolis Journal.

Rejoice, Dredgels—And what will you consider me, now that you have rejected me. Will I be in the light of a brother? "No, as the light that failed."—Philadelphia Record.

"It does" do," said Uncle Eben, "for take too much about it do fact that man looks good natured. He couldn't have been so good on record."—Washington Star.

What makes the bicycle popular with many, rich or poor, is that after trying to ride one they feel they are better off.—Philadelphia Times.

Quoted Division.

"I am sorry to go," said a lady after making a long afternoon call, "but I promised to be home before tea."

"Oh, no, stay, and I'll explain it to your husband," replied the hostess, who had been under the invitation.

"Don't you do it," came her nephew's voice from the next room. "Don't let her lead you into misadventures that you will be punished for afterward. She will coax me in just the same way when I was a boy, and then I had to suffer for it."

"Nonsense, Henry," said his aunt. "That is nothing but a job. Don't take any more notice of it, Mrs. Bell, but you must stay to tea."

"You see, when I was in school," pursued the nephew, "I was a good deal of a trouble, and I was expected to be at home every night before dark. Once a week I used to run in and call on Auntie, and she always persuaded me to stay to tea and an hour in the evening, and when I said father would scold with me afterward she used to say:

"Oh, just stay, and I will take the responsibility."

"Well, didn't she take it?" asked the cousin.

"Yes," was the reply, "she took the responsibility, but I took the whipping."—Boston Transcript.

STYLES OF THE DAY

The Way We Make Our Tea Gowns These Days.

CULMINATION OF THE PURPLE

Bright Costumes Suggestive of Spring. Novelties in Black Feathers—Silk in Gingham.

"What a lovely tea gown!" exclaimed number one. "Where?" asked number two. "Why, right in front of you!" in a surprised way, answered number one. Then she gave it another quick glance, and added: "Isn't it a tea gown?"

"Opera cloak," ironically answered number two.

But, truly, I didn't wonder at the mistake of number one. There is very little difference between an opera cloak

and a tea gown, viewed from the back, as they were regarding it. This particular one, of pale green light cloth, had a long Watteau back, as a tea gown might have, but fell straight down the front, as a tea gown might not fall. It was lined with ermine, as the very latest extravagance of the tea gown variety from Paris are lined, and it was edged down the front with white fur. Tea gowns are not behind in the matter of magnificence. They have kept up with every other form of gown, and a very handsome one of this description may be procured for a pretty penny. The big, loose sleeves are also lined with fur, and midway is in no danger of catching cold, clad in one of these luxurious robes. To be sure, one needn't be quite so extravagant, and still present a wondrously attractive picture in a pretty gown of soft woolen material in a delicate color. For adds so much richness to the effect that it is well to have a few bands of it, if the purse will permit. These comfortable garments are made, as a rule, with loose effects hanging from square yokes, and with the looseness lightly confined at the waist. The fur looks very effective across the line where the yoke and fullness join, around the neck, and the wrists, and if you can afford another band to catch down the full puff of the sleeve, and another at the feet, you will do well. Especially in the result good when both gown and fur are white.

Already there seems to be a touch of spring in the air, for on clear sunny days one sees the spring maiden step forth, arrayed in pale-colored garments, with violets in hat, looking bright and blooming. Two walked together yesterday, looking fresh and fair as the crocuses that are just preparing to lift their heads.

The first one was clad in palest gray. A little above the edge of her skirt, all around, were laid great stars of black velvet, that stood out most strikingly. She wore a long triple cape of pale gray, each division of which was edged with dark mink. Her pale-gray hat had a single touch of yellow in it.

The girl that walked with her wore a skirt of dull-blue bengaline, with the cords running around, and with an edge of mink. Her cape was exactly like the other girl's, only that its color was a very pale cream, and its material a heavy, fine cloth. It, likewise, was all edged with mink. Her hat was a big cream-colored beaver, trimmed with velvet bows of the same shades and just a few bunches of violets.

Let me see; what else claimed my attention that same bright afternoon? A magnificent black feather box, the big-

gest one I had ever seen, worn by the smallest woman, and a gown to match. The gown was proportionately larger than the box, but looked beautiful with the box, and looked graceful and elegant. There is really nothing prettier in nature than those made all of feathers.

Did I see anything more in spring goods? No, but I saw some more gingham. First, we had played silk stockings that had a silk thread run over a cotton foundation, and that looked quite silky when viewed from the distance of half a block. But now we have played silk gingham, and they are quite different from the stockings. The silk thread is run very closely, giving a soft sheen to the material. In addition are woven heavy stripes of silk or satin over the other silk, and these operations transform our plain gingham into positively beautiful materials.

I saw a reception gown, also, all made of satin. The color was—well, you know the shade of the top of the waves on a stormy day after the sun has been a little angry, that queer, dull, gray-green, scarcely a color at all, so pale and undefined is it. That is the shade of the satin in the reception gown I saw. The gown had a particularly smart ruffle of the same satin at the bottom, but the ruffle was caught up by a roll,

then a loose knot, by another roll and another loose knot, all around, made of a dull shining silk. This was a pretty combination, which was carried out again in the bodice, where a wide pink satin belt was pulled over the bodice, and big pink bows made the sleeves. Another little pink roll went around the low neck.

The little folk are receiving their full share of attention, to judge from the costumes being turned out for them. A very great New York dressmaker is turning out some wonderfully pretty ones. Here is a dress which little Miss Tiffany will wear very soon at a children's party. It is of pale yellow satin, cut princess, but closely confined with a large stomacher of the same material. There is a ruche at the edge of the gown made of yellow ribbon, a delicate lace overdress hangs freely from the neck down, showing clearly, so sheer is it, the pretty material beneath. Lace is shirred high and closely at the neck.

Another dainty dress to be worn on this same occasion is of sky-blue silk, and the skirt is first trimmed with a ruche made of tiny ribbon bows; then above the ruche are two small ruffles lined with salmon pink. The ruffles are caught up slightly to show the lining. The bodice has a full yoke of white mousseline de sole inserted, and below the yoke is a soft roll of blue silk.

A little bit of a tot has a quaint dress cut exactly in the style of a maiden of twenty. A black velvet Eton jacket falls over a white corded silk, made with round waist. The sleeves are white puffs, with black velvet cuffs. On the hem of the dress there are ever so many rows of small string beads, in light mixed colors, looking very bright on the white silk.

Surely the possibilities of purple are now exhausted. After such a dress as I shall proceed to describe to you, there can scarcely be a combination of the royal shades that will excel it. The exquisite gown, of 1890 cut, is in the proper shade of palest lavender silk, and has a fine cross pattern embroidered upon it in slightly deeper purples. At the foot of the dress is rich feather trimming of emerald purple, with small bunches of violets carelessly dropped upon it every few inches. The bodice is simply overpowering, made of dark purple velvet, cut round very

short, flaring wide open in front, with great pointed revers falling over the sleeves, and cut in notches and curved revers all around the neck. It falls away from the shoulder just enough to suggest the soft curve of them. That is the way all evening gowns must be cut—low enough to suggest round, babyish, sloping shoulders.

It is a little hard on us, after we have been cultivating broad, square shoulders for so long, to be compelled to start in and undo what has been so successfully accomplished. But a square shoulder wouldn't suit the 1890 gown, and what is there to be done save to gracefully yield? But to return, the queer points of the shoulders of the bodice fall over a "bouffant" sleeve in pale gauze, and where the bodice flares in the front a tiny fullness is inserted, as of gauze. Then the bodice is held together with small gimp straps, finished off with ribbon cuffs.

Now I saw another with the same novel shoulder effect, and this was the manner of its making—a skirt of rose silk which fell perfectly plain, standing out well, with a high border of silver gray, a border that came nearly to the knees, headed by a satin band. This bodice was of rose silk instead of velvet, and opened in revers something like the others, faced with the silver gray, and edged with the satin fur. A dotted mousseline filled in the V here, and made the sleeve puffs.

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Virtue Rewarded.

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But at this juncture her husband, who had been fishily disconcerted at his wife's "speaking in meeting," could stand it no longer. He gave her skirt an angry twitch.

"Sit down, wife, sit down," he growled. "You don't express yourself worth a darn!"—Pharmaceutical Era.

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MAKE NO ERROR!

ARE YOU ALWAYS SLEEPY?

Do you get up nights? Can you control your spirit? Is there pain in your head? Or Nervous Prostration? Or N. Prostration? Or Insomnia? Ever had rheumatism? Have you deafness? Or noise in the head? Have you fainting spells